Perception at Dusk

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Perception at Dusk

by glitchpest (filthypest)

Summary

Alternate ending of 03x13 The Wrath of the Lamb. Not satisfied with how this turned out, but if I kept messing with it, it was only going to be worse! Enjoy regardless!

Notes

What is the passing of time but a small comfort that the things we experienced were indeed real?

The evening hours ticked by into darkness awaiting the inevitable arrival of Francis Dolarhyde. Every moment felt like eyes piercing directly through the front of Will's skull and then exiting out the back. As the sun disappeared beyond the horizon, Hannibal illuminated the room with a dozen or more candles, the fluorescent light too penetrative to provide any semblance of comfort on a day ruled by paranoia and self-doubt.

The taste from the wine that Hannibal had just handed Will tasted strangely salty and almost metallic. Will knew that he had to be imagining such a unique and oddly robust flavor, but kept drinking it anyway. It was the only thing in this moment that seemed to have any sort of normalcy.

"It seems as though we are simply fattening ourselves up, making us weak enough for a clean strike." Hannibal stated and Will watched him as he did that thing that he always did when drinking wine; swirling it ever so slightly then allowing the aromas to enter his nose.

Will couldn't help but muster a pitiful chuckle at that statement. He wasn't wrong in the slightest. He felt like one of those targets at a shooting range, marked in all the right places.

"Is it you or 'The Great Red Dragon' that's going to be cutting open my skull this time?" Will replied, adding a particular amount of emphasis on Francis' alternate self.

Hannibal tilted his head ever so slightly then took a long sip from his glass of wine.

"I hadn't planned on it being me this time, no."

Will paced around the room, trying to process every word that Hannibal spoke to him. He internally tried to quell the anxiety rising within him with each passing moment, trying not to make this evident on his face.

"This time?" Will inquired, stopping to press a finger on one of the piano keys. It let out a low, haunting note underneath his fingertip.

Hannibal did not reply. He simply took a seat on the nearby couch, Will eyeing him as he indulged in more of the wine allowing itself to slither its way down his throat.

"Who's to say you won't let Dolarhyde kill me?" Will questioned.

"I won't." Hannibal replied rather chastely, in a way that Will had never heard him use before. It was out of place for his usual poetic yet stoic diction.

"I can't guarantee that." Will said, pulling up a chair and sitting across from Hannibal instead of sitting next to him on the couch. He could almost see Hannibal take note of this action on his face. It was all subtly intentional on Will's part.

"I suppose you really can't." Hannibal said in response, crossing one of his legs over the other.

Will felt extremely antsy, even more so at Hannibal's reply. He tapped his shoe against the floor for a bit before deciding to stand. He ran his hand across the backrest of the chair he had been sitting in, feeling its cool metal against the skin on his hand.

"Here we are at the cusp of both life and death and all I can think about is asking Bedelia if you loved me." He stated, finishing his glass and going to pour himself another one, almost hoping that being intoxicated would somehow make this whole situation easier. So far, it wasn't working.

Hannibal scrunched his mouth ever so slightly, almost indicative of the cogs turning within his mind.

"One can not help but think of both the things to lose and to gain in events such as these." He then paused for a moment. "What did she have to say on the matter?"

"She said that you did." Will stated, tucking his hand just under the bottom of his shirt, running it across the scar on his lower abdomen from end to end until it reached the part closest to his navel.

Hannibal had stood now, running his own hand across the back of the chair Will sat in moments earlier. He remained quiet and brought the hand to his face, taking in Will's soft, musky scent on his fingers. Such behavior wasn't odd to Will at this point, so he didn't comment on it.

Will then felt a knot tighten within his stomach then meander its way to his throat, making his esophagus feel as though it had been coiled within a noose. The constriction was too much. His lungs felt small.

"Do you?" He asked.

Hannibal set his wine glass down on top of the piano then brought himself closer to Will. He took his own hand and moved it to the scar on Will's stomach. Will instinctively tensed, pushing Hannibal's hand away and stepping back, his posture changing to that of a rattlesnake wrapped up in itself and ready to attack, but the rattle on its tail not yet shaking.

"Will, I wanted a different life for us…" Hannibal said, stepping even further back from Will, having realized he crossed more than a few invisible boundaries.

"What… Your little 'family'? You killed the possibility of a different life, Hannibal… Literally. Not that that was a possibility in the first place." Will stated as he curled and uncurled the fingers in his free hand. He then finished the next glass of wine far faster than he should have, placing his own empty cup on the piano as well.

It was silent for a while. The candles around them in the room each flickered in their own distinct patterns, some of them dripping wax onto the surfaces that they occupied. Neither spoke to each other, each possible combination of words bringing forth the idea of an unintended (or deeply intended) outcome.

“She deserved so much better.” Will said, voicing his thoughts once more. “Abigail deserved so, so much better.”

“I know she did.” Hannibal replied, eyes scanning across Will to assess his body language.

“All this for what? Was Bedelia even right?” Will asked, not wanting the anger that had formed in the pit of his stomach to surface. He knew that getting angry wouldn’t really accomplish anything.

“Her assumptions were correct.” Hannibal said.

“Shut up.” Will blurted, not taking even the smallest of pauses to ponder over the words leaving his mouth. Perhaps the pit of anger wanted to make itself known after all.

He knew full what he was asking Hannibal the minute he mentioned the conversation with Bedelia. He knew the answer Hannibal would give. Bedelia wasn’t ever really wrong. Plus, she knew Hannibal well enough that Will could understand that when she said yes, she genuinely meant it.

It didn’t matter. The words still felt fake, rehearsed coming from Hannibal’s mouth. Were they? Will couldn’t tell at this point. Reality was a different kind of blurred when Hannibal was around. Formerly in a literal sense and now in a way that he couldn’t even describe with any words that existed in the English language.

Will ran his hand across the scar on his forehead now, but only briefly. He felt so, so stiff. His brain was scrambled. All of the thoughts in his head didn’t feel coherent. It made him feel reminiscent of the induced seizures that Hannibal had given him, which only succeeded in making him feel even more scrambled in the current moment.

After a moment of silent contemplation, Hannibal brought himself over to Will for a second time, pressing closer with caution. He eventually stopped once his hand found its way to Will's hip. Once he found it he used it to carefully guide Will the rest of the distance, bridging the final gap between them.

Hannibal then placed his other hand on the back of Will’s head, pulling it into the crook of his neck. He held both hands in the same place, gently tangling his fingers in Will’s dark, curly locks. His hair was rather soft and Hannibal had to push aside the smell of cheap shampoo. It was almost an endearing smell despite Hannibal’s disdain for it.

Will remained tense for a while even when in Hannibal’s embrace. After a few moments of cautious uncertainty, he allowed his arms to wrap around Hannibal, balling bits of shirt into his palms. It was almost light enough for Will to feel like he wasn’t being touched at all.

There were no words to describe the emotions that he was currently feeling. In simplest terms, even if Hannibal completely disemboweled him right now, re-opening his scar and intestines spilling out onto the open floor, or snapping his neck with one swift crack; it would be a gift. He felt uneasy at the thought of being comforted by such an act.

“Hannibal…” He whispered against the man’s chest, taking a deep inhale and trying to further ground himself in the present moment.

He was still angry, unbelievably angry, but he didn’t know what else to do. He’d spent so, so much time being angry at all the things that the world had presented to him that he didn’t know how to accept any form of comfort lately.

Then with his eyes closed, he pictured the stag man, a hovering echo in the corner of the room watching him. The stag man watched, head cocked to the side from curiosity, wondering as to what may happen.

“I have always loved you, Will.” Hannibal echoed softly in the expanse of the room, allowing the walls to soak in every word.
Will could smell the same wine on Hannibal’s lips now, being close enough for the wine to create one uniform, humming dissonance in the air around them. They relished in each touch, each movement, feeling no urge to push any further until they had each found suffice.

The hand that Hannibal had used to guide Will close to him was now on the other man’s cheek, guiding his thumb slowly across Will’s lips then over his cheekbone. At this very moment Will didn’t know if he could plunge any further. He didn’t think he could be the one to allow the water to boil over. He was feeling way too much. It had to be Hannibal.

It was then that Hannibal guided their lips together and Will could feel the tenderness of Hannibal’s heartbeat through the palm of his hand, almost reading the mind of the man before him.

Will had to push back the tears that so desperately wanted to escape the confines of his tear ducts. He hoped that it would not be noticeable to anyone but himself. He felt weak.

“The only thing you give me is pain.” Will stated upon parting from the kiss, agonized at something that felt so good.

Hannibal took Will’s hand in his own, running his fingers across his knuckles, but stopping and looking at the ring on his finger. Will twirled it on his hand using his thumb for a moment before cautiously removing it and tucking it into his pocket.

Molly deserved better than what he had given her. She deserved better than what Will was doing right now. Nothing else felt more right though. After both her life and Wally's lives had been endangered on Hannibal's behalf, neither really seemed to look at Will in the same way, anyway. He had to try and find some solace in that.

“May I kiss you again, Will?” Hannibal asked, sucking in a breath and now running his finger over where Will’s wedding band had been. “Until you no longer feel any pain.”

Will inhaled sharply at Hannibal’s words, nodding and taking Hannibal’s hand in his own. He had longed for Hannibal’s touch for so long, imagining it in so many ways, but he never expected the level of gentleness that Hannibal had given him thus far.

“That… could take a while.” He replied, letting a small, awkward smile form on his lips. They would have things to work through later, many, many things.

Hannibal joined himself with Will a second time, this kiss feeling much more concise. Hannibal had tasted Will’s lips now, craving them even more like that of a bee to flowers, wanting nothing more than the pollen from within. It was magnificently galvanizing.

Will deepened the kiss as much as physically possible, both irritated at himself for finally being lured in by Hannibal and irritated that the man before him couldn't be any closer.

Hannibal allowed his hand to wander up Will's shirt again, though much higher than where Will's scar was. His cold fingers climbed their way up Will's flesh until they met the delicate skin of his chest. Slowly he ran his fingers across one of Will's nipples, taking in the texture from fingertip to palm.

Will gripped Hannibal's arm and stifled back a moan, unexpecting the full extent of the intimacy that Hannibal was currently granting him.

“Hannibal…” He huffed out, not expecting just how cold Hannibal’s hand would be.

Hannibal’s hand moved toward the center of Will’s chest now, resting there for a moment.

“How long has your heart been beating this fast for me, Will?”
Will undid all the buttons on his shirt, revealing Hannibal’s hand still over Will's beating heart.

"Does it matter?" Will asked him.

Hannibal moved the hand not on Will's chest to the side of his face, cupping it gently.

"Of course it matters." He stated, "I want to know how it compares to mine."

Will put his own hand on Hannibal's chest now, feeling the other man's own heartbeat. It was fast, steady. Compared to Will's own, it was far less erratic. Even his heartbeat felt deliberate.

"This is almost embarrassing for me." Will stated, moving his hand across the hair peppered on Hannibal's chest.

"I don't think it is." Hannibal replied, slipping Will's shirt off and heading off with it toward the bedroom. "There's pajamas in the dresser, if you'd like."

"I'm far more concerned about death than pajamas." Will added as he followed him with a sort of muted fervor.

Hannibal had set Will's shirt on the aforementioned dresser now, removing his own shirt as well.

The bedroom had no candles; no light besides the crescent moon peeking in from between the curtains. Each particle of dust was evident in its rays.

"What do you want from me, Hannibal? Will asked, sitting at the foot of the bed.

Hannibal moved to Will, running his hand across the other man's jawline.

"My dear Will, I want nothing more than for you to believe me when I say that I love you."

There was a pause on Will's end after those words left Hannibal's lips. For being a man so wise and dignified, he still struggled with the concept of understanding the man before him. Will could see it on his face.

"Show me." Will replied, now moving further back on the bad, guiding Hannibal down on top of him.

He almost didn't want to meet Hannibal's gaze. Though he wanted this, he felt like prey. Everything was now out in the open. What's to stop Hannibal from striking again.

Hannibal first placed a kiss on Will's lips, delicate and cautious. The kisses then slowly made their way from his jaw and down along his collarbone. He then bit there gently along the protruding bone, causing Will to jolt.

"Hannibal…" Will whined, using the man's body to stabilize his own.

It was then that Hannibal reached for Will's belt, undoing it in a couple short motions. He paused before going any further.
"Are you certain that you want this?"

Will tightened his grip on Hannibal's arm, nails digging into his pale flesh. He gave Hannibal a nod, eyes giving him all that he could possibly need to know.

Hannibal's hand then undid the fastenings on Will's pants, taking Will's cock in to his hand and moving it in small, rhythmic strokes.

Will pulled Hannibal's face into his neck, wrapping his arms around the man as he worked.

"Hannibal…" He moaned, squeezing his eyes shut for a moment for looking toward the window, wondering if Dolarhyde was their audience. He hoped this wasn't the case.

Hannibal sped up his hand, making his movements slightly more erratic.

"Hannibal…" Will repeated once more, his name feeling like a poison being sucked out of a wound as it left his lips.

"Tell me what you need, Will." Hannibal stated, strokes slowing down a little once more.

"You know what I want." Will said with the slightest hint of venom in his voice. He'd grown so, so greedy in such a short time. No matter how close Hannibal got it didn't feel like it was close enough.

"I'd like to hear you say it." Hannibal whispered against Will's neck, placing another bite there.

"Make me yours. Whatever it takes." Will stated, intending not to sound needy, but knowing Hannibal would pick up on such indicators regardless.

It took a little time for Hannibal to respond and press further, distracted by the beauty found in the pleasure-filled glow of Will's skin, undressing the both of them until the only thing left was purely skin on skin.

Hannibal took Will's legs, nudging them apart with his chilled palms, desperately wanting to feel each and every molecule of his body.

Once satisfied he allowed his hand to wander inward again, but stopped after realizing an error on his end.

"Will, I'll be right back." Hannibal stated before cupping his head in his hand and placing a kiss upon his lips.

He then disappeared out of the bedroom for a few moments, Will listening to the soft thunk of his footsteps against both the wooden floor of the hallway and ceramic tile of the bathroom.
Upon returning Hannibal had both a bottle of lubricant and a condom, wasting no time in returning to Will.

Will watched Hannibal pop open the lid on the lube and spread it on his first two fingers.

"It's going to be cold." Hannibal said in a rather soft tone.
Will nodded, adjusting his legs back to the distance they were before Hannibal had left the room.

Hannibal then pressed a finger at the entrance of Will's core, sliding it in slowly.

Will was taken aback at the sensation, almost pulling back off of Hannibal's finger upon first contact. It was cold, terribly cold, but the further in it went the better it felt.

"Nnngh…" Will moaned, closing his eyes and tangling both his hands in to Hannibal's hair.

"You're doing so well, Will." Hannibal cooed, starting to move the finger in and out.

Will couldn't do more than moan in response, too focused on the new found sensations Hannibal had given him.

"Shall I add another? Would you like that?" Hannibal asked, pressing a kiss on to his stomach.

"Yes…" Will said, "Please."

Hannibal first added more lube then the second finger, making sure to allow Will's body ample time to become accustomed to it.

Will was beyond eager now, his hips moving as if they had a mind of their own in rhythm with Hannibal. He was getting closer, but it wasn't enough.

"God, Hannibal. I need you." He begged. " I need you inside me."

Hannibal understood. He took out the condom he acquired earlier, tearing open the package and rolling it down his length.
"Will, please let me know if it hurts." Hannibal stated as he lined himself up with Will, sliding inside with minor resistance.

"It's… Fuck…" Will grabbed at Hannibal's forearm, noting the marks he'd already left on his upper arms not too long ago.
"Good."

Hannibal allowed the corners of his lips to turn upward a bit, taking in every expression Will had for a brief moment before starting to move.

Hannibal pushed into only about half length a few times before establishing a pattern that Will enjoyed.

Will did his best to contain his moans, once more not keen on the idea of Dolarhyde just around the corner, spying on them when he couldn't have felt more vulnerable.

His climax edged closer and closer, placing his hand on Hannibal's chest to feel his heartbeat once more. It was erratic, robust.

Hannibal's full length slapped against Will and he could feel it edging at nerves he'd doubted that he had before this moment. He was teetering dangerously close to the edge. He could feel that Hannibal was too.

With a few more pushes of one joined being, Will spilled over the edge, his cum coating his lower stomach.

Hannibal followed shortly after, discarding the condom into a nearby trashcan. He then raked a finger across where Will had came on himself, taking the liquid into his mouth.

Will felt nervous that he would taste bad, but Hannibal didn't seem to mind.

"Will, you're absolutely breathtaking." Hannibal stated.

Will's expression of worry softened and Hannibal's words eliminated some of the concern he had been feeling.

He sat up and kissed Hannibal slow and passionate, grateful that he couldn't taste himself on Hannibal's lips.

There was nothing left to do but to wait until the end.

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